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RIVERSIDE LITERATURE SERIES

THE DESERTED VILLAGE
THE TRAVELLER
AND OTHER POEMS

BY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
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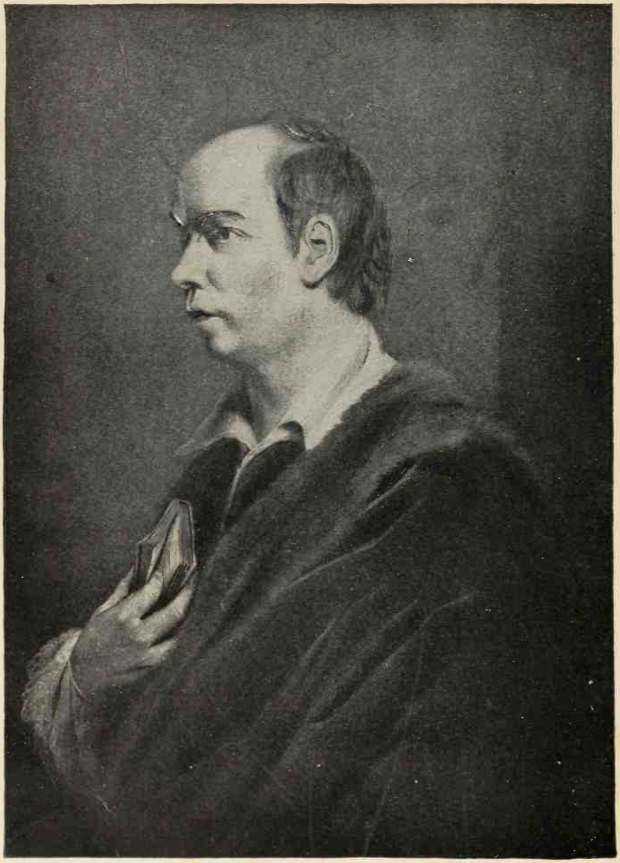

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, the son of a humble village preacher, was born at the parsonage in Pallas, the property of the Edgeworths of Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728. He died in London, wept over by Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and Garrick, April 4, 1774, five months over his forty-fifth year. Between the obscure Irish village birthplace and the monument in Westminster Abbey stretched a career which was half in clouds and half in sunshine, a rainbow of tears and smiles. He had no advantages of birth other than the priceless one of a simple-hearted father, "passing rich with forty pounds a year," who lives again in the preacher of the "Deserted Village" and more minutely in the hero of the "Vicar of Wakefield." His life to outward seeming was a series of blunders. He was tossed about from one school to another, learning many things which somehow seem more in his life than Latin or Greek. He learned to play the flute, and he fell in love with vagrancy, or rather the vagrant in him was carefully nourished by an unworldly, unsophisticated father, a merry-andrew of a teacher, and by fickle Fortune herself. An uncle, the Rev. Mr. Contarine, was the prudent man of the family, always appearing as the necessary counterpoise to prevent Oliver from flying off

into irrecoverable wandering. By his advice and help the lad passed from his schools to Trinity College, Dublin, perhaps a needful discipline, but certainly a harsh one; for there, where one might look for genial surroundings to one afterward to become a master in literature, the luckless youth was to find new trials to his sensitive spirit and to have his compensation in pleasures quite unprovided in the college scheme. His poverty compelled him to take a menial position, he had a brutal tutor, and after he had been a year and a half at college his father died, leaving him in still more abject poverty than before. He wrote street ballads to save himself from actual starvation, and sold them for five shillings apiece. In all this murky gloom the lights that twinkle are the secret joy with which the poor poet would steal out at night to hear his ballads sung, and the quick rush of feeling in which he would use his five shillings upon some forlorn beggar, whose misery made him forget his own. Once he ran away from college, stung by some too sharp insult from his tutor, but he returned to take his degree, and at the end of three years, carrying away some scraps of learning, he returned to his mother's house.

There for two years he led an aimless, happy life, waiting for the necessary age at which he could qualify for orders in the church. He had few wants, and gayly shared the little family's small stock of provision and joint labors, teaching in the village school, fishing, strolling, flute-playing, and dancing. They were two years that made his Irish home always green in his memory, a spot almost dazzling for brightness when he looked back on it from the hardships of his London life. When the two years were passed he applied

to the Bishop for orders, but was rejected for various reasons according to various authorities, but the most sufficient one in any case was his own unwillingness to take the step urged upon him by friends. He was sent by his uncle to begin the study of law, but the fifty pounds with which he was furnished were lost at play, and the vagabond returned forgiven to his uncle's house. He had visions of coming to America which fortunately never passed into waking resolution, for it is to be feared there would have been small likelihood of his blossoming into literature on this side of the water in the days of ante-revolutionary flatness.

Medicine was the next resort, and Goldsmith was sent by his uncle to Edinburgh. Although the title of doctor has become familiarly connected with his name, it is very certain that he did not acquire the degree in Edinburgh, but afterward in a foreign university upon one of his wanderings. Few traditions remain of his life at Edinburgh; three or four amusing letters were written thence, but the impression made by them and by such gossip as survives is that he was an inimitable teller of humorous stories and a capital singer of Irish songs. His profession of medicine, however, gave a show of consistency to his purpose of travel on the continent, where he persuaded himself and his friends that he should qualify himself for his professional degree. In point of fact he spent his time in a happy-go-lucky fashion, wandering from place to place, and singing a song for a sixpence. The philosophic vagabond in the "Vicar of Wakefield" is but a transparent mask for Goldsmith's own features at this time. "I had some knowledge of music," says that entertaining philosopher, "with a tolerable voice; I now turned what was once my amuse-

ment into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion, but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle." Although Goldsmith's medical knowledge was scarcely increased by his continental experience, he was wittingly or unwittingly adding daily to that knowledge of men and nature which shines through his lightest writings. "The Traveller" is a distillation of these wanderings.

He returned to England in 1756, after two years of desultory life on the continent, and landed, we are told, without a farthing in his pockets. He lived by hook and by crook, serving in an apothecary's shop in a humble capacity, acting as tutor, it is said, under a feigned name, and living the while, as he afterward declared, among beggars. Then, falling in with an old friend, and getting some little assistance, for Goldsmith seemed always one of the open-handed, ready to receive and ready to bestow, he became a physician in a humble way, struggling for a living in doctoring those only one degree richer than himself. By a curious coincidence, one of his patients was a printer working under Samuel Richardson, printer, and, what is more, author of "Clarissa." From a hint given by this man, Goldsmith applied to Richardson and was given occupation as a proof-reader. Then, falling in with an old schoolfellow whose father kept a school

in Peckham, Goldsmith became an usher, and a miserable time he had of it. "Ay," cries George Primrose's cousin to him, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," "this is indeed a very pretty career that has been checked out for you. I have been an usher at a boarding-school myself, and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late; I was brow-beat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business? No. Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys' hair? No. Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the smallpox? No. Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed? No. Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach? Yes. Then you will by no means do for a school. No, sir, if you are for a genteel, easy profession, bind yourself seven years as an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel, but avoid a school by any means." In the same conversation the city cousin advises George to take up authorship for a trade, and it was indeed by the humblest entrance that Goldsmith passed into the domain where afterward he was to be recognized as master. Griffiths, the bookseller, dined one day at the school where Goldsmith was usher. The conversation turned upon the "Monthly Review," owned and conducted by Griffiths. Something said by Goldsmith led to further consideration, and the usher left the school to board and lodge with the bookseller, to have a small regular salary, and to devote himself to the "Monthly Review."

The history of literature at this time in England gives much space necessarily to the bookseller. In the transition period of authorship, this middleman occupied a position of power and authority not since accorded to him; it was a singular relation which the drudging author held to his employer, and Goldsmith from this time forward was scarcely ever free from a dependence upon the autocrats of the book trade. He entered the profession of literature as upon something which was a little more profitable and certainly more agreeable than the occupation of an usher in a boarding-school, or the profession of a doctor without paying clients. A profession which now dignifies its members was then without respect socially, and attended by all the meanness which springs from a false position. The rich and powerful in government looked upon it as appointed only to serve the ends of the ambitious, and the poor author had to struggle to maintain his independence of nature. The men who could sell their talents and their self-respect for gold and place jostled roughly their nobler comrades who served literature faithfully in poverty, and it was only now and then that the fickle breath of popular favor wafted some author's book into warmer waters. So crowding was this Grub Street life that Goldsmith sought release from it in a vain attempt after a government appointment as medical officer at Coromandel. He was driven back into the galleys from which he was striving to escape, yet out of this life there began to issue the true products of his genius. He brooded over his own and his fellows' condition. Something within him made protest against the ignoble state of literature, and he wrote the first book which gave him a name, — "An Enquiry into the Present State of

Polite Learning in Europe." The subject was wrung from his fortunes, but the style was the music which he had never failed to hear from boyhood. Style, bred of no special study at Trinity College, nor too closely allied with learning, but a gift of nature, guarded well and cherished by the varying fortune which was moulding his mind in the secret fashion that makes a genuine surprise when discovered: this was seen in his book, and justified his place in the great profession of authorship. There is in Goldsmith's life, as in Andersen's, and in that of many a man of genius, the sad, sweet story of the Ugly Duckling. Pecked at and scorned by meaner associates, conscious of disadvantages and of inferiority in inferior things, a divine ray of hope and longing never left him; and when at last he gave outward expression to the genius in him, he found himself amongst his true fellows, recognized by men of genius as their associate. From this time forward Goldsmith knew his place and took it. He was thirty-one years of age, and in the remainder of his life he wrote his essays in "The Bee" and "The Citizen of the World;" "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village;" his shorter poems; and the two comedies, "A Good-natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer." In quantity not a large showing, but glistening with that pure fancy and happy temper which are among the choicest gifts of literature to a tired world. These are his works which give him his place in literature, but during the time when they were composed he was constantly at work upon tasks. He wrote his histories of England and Rome and his "Animated Nature," which, despite its unscientific cast, is a storehouse of delightful reading; and he wrote reviews,

essays, prefaces, translations, and the like, quite beyond record.

Yet all this time he was in debt. He did not want because his work was ill paid or he was not industrious, but because his money slipped through his fingers, too volatile to hold it fast. Some of it went upon his back in the odd finery which has stuck to his reputation, but a large share went to the poor and miserable. Look at the poor man lying dead in his solitary chamber. "The staircase of Birch Court is said to have been filled with mourners, the reverse of domestic: women without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him they had come to weep for, outcasts of that great, solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable."[1]

There were two sets of people who looked upon Oliver Goldsmith the poet, and each saw correctly enough what each was capable of seeing. One saw in him a shiftless, vain, awkward, homely fellow, thrusting himself into good company, blundering, blurting out nonsense or malapropos sayings, a gooseberry fool. The other, containing men of genius, laughed at "poor Goldy," but never failed to seek his company and to receive him as their equal. When Burke was told of his death, he burst into tears. Reynolds was painting when the news was brought to him; he laid his pencil aside and would not go back that day to his studio, a sign of grief never shown in times of deep family distress. Johnson never ceased to mourn him, and cast his profoundest conviction of the poet's genius into the monumental lines which form one of the noblest of elegies.

[1] Forster's *The Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith*, ii. 467.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

"The Deserted Village" was not Goldsmith's first considerable poem; that was "The Traveller," published five or six years earlier; but it is the production which has endeared him most to readers, and it is in form and content one of the most melodious and at the same time thoughtful poems in the English language. Its foundations are laid deep in human nature, for it is at once the reflection of a man upon the beginning of his life, and the return in thought of one who has seen much of the world to those simple delights which are most elemental, least dependent upon the conventions of complex society. The poem is, besides, the contribution of an earnest thinker toward the solution of great national and social problems. Goldsmith had already shown in "The Traveller" not only that he was a clear-sighted observer of scenes in various lands and an interpreter of national characteristics, but that his mind had been at work on the great question of what constitutes the real prosperity of nations. In this poem he returns to the subject and makes his thought still more luminous by drawing a contrast between two separate conditions in the same nation, rather than instituting a comparison among several nations.

Never was the truth of literary art, that the greatest success is attained when form and content are

inseparably joined, better exemplified than in "The Deserted Village." Here is serious thought, but it is presented in such exquisite language, it is illustrated by such a series of charming pictures that one scarcely perceives at first the solidity of the structure of the poem. A great contemporary of Goldsmith's, Dr. Samuel Johnson, wrote a sonorous and thoughtful poem called "The Vanity of Human Wishes," but though it was greatly and justly praised at the time, it has failed to fasten itself on the affection of readers for lack of that translucent beauty of form which has preserved "The Deserted Village" and "The Traveller."

For Goldsmith was preëminently a poet; in his travels he saw into the soul of things; in his reflection he penetrated beneath the surface, and in his expression, both as regards words, phrases, and construction, he had the intuitive sense which chose the right word, gave music to his phrase, and made the whole poem a work of art. This poem, therefore, like any great imaginative piece, must not be examined too closely for an identity with prosaic fact. There is a likeness, unquestionably, between Sweet Auburn, and Lissoy, the village where Goldsmith passed his childhood; the portrait of the village preacher might readily be taken for a sketch either of Goldsmith's father or his brother Henry; enthusiastic investigators even give the actual name of the

> "wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
> To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread;"

but one must never forget, if he would enter most completely into the poet's way of looking at life, that all these facts of experience are transmuted into vivid

images, creations of the poet's mind out of material afforded him by memory and observation.

When Goldsmith wrote "The Deserted Village," he was at the height of his fame and his power. He was now in his forty-second year; he had produced in close proximity to each other a few years before, a notable poem, "The Traveller," and a still more notable piece of fiction, "The Vicar of Wakefield." He was the friend of the literary nobility of the day, and was regarded by the booksellers as an important literary workman. The poem was published May 26, 1770. Its success was immediate and great. Within three months five editions were called for, and though we do not know the size of the editions, it is easy to see from this statement that each time the booksellers printed, public interest ran ahead of their calculations. The poem was dedicated to the great English painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, who returned the compliment by painting a picture, "Resignation," to be engraved by Thomas Watson and inscribed with these words: "This attempt to express a character in 'The Deserted Village' is dedicated to Doctor Goldsmith, by his sincere friend and admirer, Joshua Reynolds."

There was another poet whose name is easily linked with that of Goldsmith, Thomas Gray, the author of "An Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." He had distilled his precious verse, and was now passing what proved to be the last summer of his life with his friend Nicholls at Malvern, when the poem came out. He asked to hear it read; and listening attentively to it, he gave the emphatic verdict, which was much from Gray, "That man is a poet."

The fame of the poem extended far, for Goethe in his autobiographic memoir refers to it thus: "A

poetical production, which our little circle hailed with transport, now occupied our attention: this was Goldsmith's 'The Deserted Village.' This poem seemed perfectly adapted to the sentiments which then actuated us. The pictures which it represented were those which we loved to contemplate and sought with avidity, in order to enjoy them with all the zest of youth."

Goethe's attitude toward the poem suggests a line of research for the student who wishes to carry his study of the poem beyond the ordinary limits, and that is, an inquiry into the temper of the most thoughtful English, German, and French writers just prior to that upheaval of society which found its most violent expression in the French Revolution.

The reader of the poem, as well as of Goldsmith's verse in general, if he is unfamiliar with any other than nineteenth-century poetry, will very likely be puzzled by the use of words in senses unfamiliar. Some of these uses are pointed out in the notes, but many more will be learned by recourse to a good dictionary. Next to a reading of the poem for delight comes the scrutiny of the language, and the reader is advised to look closely at the words, since in many instances an apparent meaning will be found to be more modern; the real meaning to be an historical one, familiar to Goldsmith, but antiquated now. Indeed, in some respects Goldsmith's language is more likely to be misinterpreted than Shakespeare's.

DEDICATION.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Dear Sir, — I can have no expectations, in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest, therefore, aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion), that the depopulation it deplores is nowhere to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege; and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an

inquiry, whether the country be depopulating or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right. — I am, dear Sir,

Your sincere Friend and ardent Admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;

4. Parting, i. e., departing, much as we use the phrase "to part with." Here summer parts with us.

12. Decent. Following its Latin origin, the word was most commonly used in the eighteenth century in its sense of becoming, fit.

19. Circled. See an equivalent phrase in line 22.

And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms, — but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn!
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But chok'd with sedges works its weedy way;

27. The rude sports of the village no doubt survive in English country life; any one who reads the chapter *A London Suburb* in Hawthorne's *Our Old Home* will recognize a likeness between Greenwich Fair as Hawthorne saw it and the Sweet Auburn of Goldsmith's recollection. And American readers could supply from boyish pranks the explanation of

"The swain mistrustless of his smutted face."

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade:
A breath can make them, as a breath has made
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;

44. In his *Animated Nature*, which is a book of descriptive natural history, Goldsmith uses the same term to characterize the bittern. "Of all these sounds," he says, "there is none so dismally hollow as the booming of the bittern. . . . I remember in the place where I was a boy, with what terror this bird's note affected the whole village."

52. Goldsmith wrote earnestly and at some length on this theme in the nineteenth chapter of *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

63. The plural idea in train was uppermost in Goldsmith's mind, so that he uses the plural form in the verbs in the next line.

Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green:
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes — for pride attends us still —
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,

74. Manners has here the meaning of customs rather than behavior.

Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool;
The playful children just let loose from school;

101. Goldsmith, writing one may say almost as a journalist, gave little heed to possible repetitions of his phrases, and in *The Bee* he wrote: "By struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wound in the conflict: the only method to come off victorious is by running away."

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread.
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, — forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn —
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

121. "I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon, than such a Roman." — Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, Act iv. Scene iii. l. 27.

124. Again in his *Animated Nature*, Goldsmith says: "The nightingale's pausing song would be the proper epithet for this bird's music."

141. One needs but to read Goldsmith's dedication of *The Traveller* to see how closely he copied from life in drawing this portrait of the village preacher. Goldsmith's use of "passing" is as Shakespeare's

"She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange."
Othello, Act I. Scene iii. l. 160.

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side:
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,

171. See note on line 4.

The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;

Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'T was certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace

209. The terms were sessions of law courts and universities. The tides were times and seasons, especially in the ecclesiastical year. He could tell when Eastertide, for instance, would come.

210. A gauger is in some places a sworn officer, whose duty it is to measure the contents of hogsheads, barrels, or casks.

The parlor splendors of that festive place:
The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;

226–236. The first form of this description will be found in the verses given later, page 88.

232. The twelve rules ascribed to Charles I. were: 1. Urge no healths. 2. Profane no divine ordinances. 3. Touch no state matters. 4. Reveal no secrets. 5. Pick no quarrels. 6. Make no companions. 7. Maintain no ill opinions. 8. Keep no bad company. 9. Encourage no vice. 10. Make no long meal. 11. Repeat no grievances. 12. Lay no wagers. The royal game of goose was a species of checkers.

244. Woodman's; that is, a man versed in woodcraft, as a hunter, not necessarily a wood-chopper.

Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,—
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, ask if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'T is yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.

250. To kiss the cup was to touch it with the lips before passing. Ben Jonson's well-known verses to Celia begin:—

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I 'll not look for wine."

268. Goldsmith says a similar thing in the *Citizen of the World*, when he makes the sententious remark: "There is a wide difference between a conquering and a flourishing empire."

Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure, all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms — a garden and a grave.

287. The use of "female" for "woman" was common as late as Walter Scott.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped, what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd,
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!

305. If to some common's fenceless limits [having] strayed.

309. If to the city [he has] sped.

316. Artist was applied to those engaged in the useful and mechanic arts in Goldsmith's time.

319. When Coleridge wrote,

> "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
> A stately pleasure-dome decree,"

he, too, like Goldsmith, was using a word not in what we regard as its technical sense, but as expressing a certain splendor of building.

322. Even now in the thick November fogs of London, link-boys, or boys with torches, point the way. Before the introduction of street lamps, such aids were common whenever the gentry would move about after night-fall.

Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all — her friends, her virtue fled —
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,

326. In his *Citizen of the World* Goldsmith has said: "These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. . . . Perhaps now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible."

336. Her [spinning] wheel.

343–358. Goldsmith, like Englishmen of a later day, was a little hazy in his notion of what the wilderness of America contained. He wrote not long after Oglethorpe was giving relief to many poor and distressed debtors, by welcoming them to his colony of Georgia. The Altama is better known as the Altamaha, but a certain poetic liberty attaches to the description in general.

Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore:
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go

368. It was a common phrase in the earlier colonial days to say of colonists that they "sate" in a particular region.

To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural Virtues leave the land.

398. Here begins a sort of vision in which Goldsmith pictures such an emigrant band leaving England for America

Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there;
And Piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell! and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain.
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possest,

407. One is reminded of Bishop Berkeley's lines,

"Religion stands a-tiptoe on the strand
Waiting to pass to the American land."

409. Unfit, unsuited.

418. The river Tornea or Torneo falls into the Gulf of Bothnia. Pambamarca is given by Peter Cunningham as a mountain near Quito.

Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

427–430. "Dr. Johnson favored me at the same time by marking the lines which he furnished to Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* which are only the last four." BOSWELL.

THE TRAVELLER; OR A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

"The Deserted Village" is used in this little volume to introduce the reader to Goldsmith's poetry, because it is the more delightful of the two poems; and yet we doubt if any one who has enjoyed it will lose his interest as he goes on and reads "The Traveller." Dr. Johnson, no mean critic, was disposed to prefer it to the other poem. "Take him as a poet," he said; "his 'Traveller' is a very fine performance; ay, and so is his 'Deserted Village,' were it not sometimes too much the echo of his 'Traveller.'" And at another time, when the poem first appeared, he exclaimed, "There has not been so fine a poem since Pope's time." "The Deserted Village" is not so much an echo of "The Traveller" as it is a restatement of the fundamental idea in that poem under another light, as we have noticed in the "Introductory Note." Its form was determined in part by the mode of its composition. It would be too bald a phrase to say that it is a poetical diary, and Goldsmith had too fine a sense of poetic art to make it such; but it follows, as it were, the course of its author's wanderings, and is a poetic epigram of his observations and reflections in various countries.

It was begun in Switzerland in 1755, but not completed until 1764; and though Goldsmith had written

and printed much prior to that time, this was the first work which bore his name and was therefore his introduction as an author to the reading public. The effect of the poem upon his own reputation was great. He had been in the eyes of those about him a blundering good fellow, a newspaper essayist and bookseller's drudge. He belonged indeed to the Literary Club, but it was by virtue of his complete absorption in literary pursuits, rather than because of any separate and distinguished work. Now he began to be estimated at his real worth. "Goldsmith being mentioned," says Boswell, who spoke the truth in spite of his prejudices, — a sort of Balaam in literature, — "Johnson observed that it was long before his merit came to be acknowledged. That he once complained to him, in ludicrous terms of distress, 'Whenever I write anything, the public *make a point* to know nothing about it;' but that his 'Traveller' brought him into high reputation. Langton. 'There is not one bad line in that poem; not one of Dryden's careless verses.' Sir Joshua. 'I was glad to hear Charles Fox say, it was one of the finest poems in the English language.' Langton. 'Why was you glad? You surely had no doubt of this before.' Johnson. 'No; the merit of "The Traveller" is so well established that Mr. Fox's praise cannot augment it, nor his censure diminish it.' Sir Joshua. 'But his friends may suspect they had too great partiality for him.' Johnson. 'Nay, sir, the partiality of his friends was always against him. It was with difficulty we could give him a hearing. Goldsmith had no settled notions upon any subject; so he talked always at random. It seemed to be his intention to blurt out whatever was in his mind, and see what would become of it. He was angry, too,

when catched in an absurdity; but it did not prevent him from falling into another the next minute.'"[1]

All this was said four years after Goldsmith's death, but it sets before us in lively fashion the contrast he presented between a consummate artist in his work and an impetuous, half stammering talker. He was plainly at a disadvantage amongst men who made conversation a fine art, but his spontaneity, nevertheless, must have made him a delightful companion. "The Traveller," as we have said, gave him at once intellectual repute among his peers. It gave him place a little more slowly with the general public, but it needed only "The Vicar of Wakefield" shortly after to give him an established reputation.

It will be noticed that Goldsmith in his dedication of "The Traveller" had some bitter words to say regarding Churchill. Mr. Forster in his "Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith" has taken exception not to Goldsmith's scorn, but to his application of it. "To Charles Hanbury Williams," he says, "but not to Charles Churchill, such epithets belong. . . . Never, that he might merely fawn upon power or trample upon weakness, had Churchill let loose his pen. There was not a form of mean pretence or servile assumption, which he did not use it to denounce. Low, pimping politics he abhorred; and that their worthless abettors, to whose exposure his works are so incessantly devoted, have not carried him into oblivion with themselves, argues something for the sound morality and permanent truth expressed in his manly verse. By these the new poet was to profit; as much by the faults which perished with the satirist, and

[1] *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, edited by George Birkbeck Hill, iii. 252.

left the lesson of avoidance to his successors. In the interval since Pope's and Thomson's death, since Collins's faint, sweet song, since the silence of Young, of Akenside, and of Gray, no such easy, familiar, and vigorous verse as Churchill's had dwelt in the public ear. The less likely was it now to turn away, impatient or intolerant of 'The Traveller.'"

DEDICATION.

TO THE REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

Dear Sir, — I am sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the laborers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the laborers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, — what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, — that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, painting and music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious enter-

tainment, they at first rival poetry, and at length supplant her: they engross all that favor once shown to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birthright.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favor of blank verse and Pindaric odes, choruses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous — I mean party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a blind man,[1] having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his frenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right.

[1] Churchill, at whom all this is aimed, died 4th November, 1764, while the first edition of "The Traveller" was passing through the press. — PETER CUNNINGHAM.

Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavored to show, that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge, better than yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this poem. I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow, —
Or by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies; —
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;

1. There are few lines in English verse that compel a correct reading so certainly as this. It is almost impossible for the most heedless not to read it with a lingering emphasis on each word. The story is told by Boswell that at a meeting of the Literary Club just after the publication of the poem somebody asked Goldsmith what he meant by the word "slow;" did he mean tardiness of locomotion? "Yes," replied Goldsmith, but Johnson caught him up, saying: "No sir, you did not mean tardiness of locomotion; you meant that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude." "Ah, that was what I meant," Goldsmith rejoined, accepting the more subtile interpretation. His answer gave rise to a suspicion that Johnson wrote the line as well as many others, but Johnson afterward indicated just what lines he did write, and they are named in the notes. Both the answers were correct; one does not exclude the other. The main thing to be noted is that the poet instinctively used the right word.

2. Or . . . or — a Latin form, which has pretty much dropped out of English use.

3. Peter Cunningham, one of Goldsmith's editors, writing in 1853, says: "Carinthia [east of the Tyrol] was visited by Goldsmith in 1755 and still retains its character for inhospitality."

Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend:
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care —
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies; —
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,

10. In his *Citizen of the World,* Goldsmith repeats this sentiment in prose: "The farther I travel I feel the pain of separation with stronger force. Those ties that bind me to my native country and you are still unbroken; by every remove I only drag a greater length of chain."

13–22. Goldsmith returns to this theme with more specific words in *The Deserted Village,* lines 149–152.

24. The dashes used here and four lines below serve almost as marks of parenthesis, and enable the reader to perceive that a sentence has been suspended, and that it finds completion in lines 29, 30.

I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear:
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world — the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er:
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies:

41. School-taught pride; i. e., the pride which he feels who has been taught in the school of the philosophers, especially of the Stoics.

48. The swains, or peasants, bend at their work, which is that of tilling, or dressing the field. For the use of the word "dress" in such meaning, see Genesis ii. 15.

Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam;
His first, best country ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied

57. Prevails, i. e., gets the better of one. Sorrow's fall is antithetical to "rising raptures" above.

60. Real must be read as a word of two syllables.

69. The phrase "crossing the line," of a ship sailing into the tropics, intimates what "the line" here is.

On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And, though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent:
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone:
Each to the favorite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies.
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

84. The contrast is between the precipitous side of Idra and the gently sloping side of Arno.

87. The comparison is between Nature, 81–86, and Art, 87, 88.

91, 92. These lines illustrate the exact meaning of line 90.

98. The pain peculiar to itself.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die:
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind.
For wealth was theirs; not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourished through the state.
At her command the palace learnt to rise,

119. Own, i. e., own the soil to be kindred, or of like kind with that which is native to them.

124. Sensual derives its specific meaning here from sense in l. 123, and must not be taken in an evil significance.

127. See *The Deserted Village*, l. 74.

129. Zealous, for religion.

132. That opulence [when it has] departed.

Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repress by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind.
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,

136. The ruins of one age furnish the building materials for another.

139. It was the new enterprise of Prince Henry of Portugal and the Spanish sovereigns that wrested the sceptre of commerce from Venice and other Italian states.

143. Skill — knowledge.

144. In the *Citizen of the World*, Goldsmith says: "In short, the state resembled one of those bodies bloated with disease, whose bulk is only a symptom of its wretchedness. Their former opulence only rendered them more impotent."

159. See *The Deserted Village*, l. 319.

Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,

184. Fits him [self] to the soil.

And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And ev'n those hills that round his mansion rise
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms:
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.

190. This same use of "savage" for "savage beast" is followed by Goldsmith in the *Citizen of the World*, when he says: "Drive the reluctant savage into the toils."

198. The nightly bed, i. e., the bed which each of such pilgrims may have for the night. A similar use appears in the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread."

199. Thus every good [that] his native wilds impart.

Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame;
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low.
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way, —
These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

221. Level, not broken by variety.

226. The subjunctive mood was more common in Goldsmith's day than now. Yet we say, "Wait till I go."

232. The plural form in "fall" is due to the careful separation of "love's "and "friendship's" dart; i. e., the dart of love and the dart of friendship.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away.
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here:
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise.
They please, are pleas'd; they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

243. For the actual basis of this reminiscence, see the biographic sketch.

265, 266. This as well as the passage it sums up must be taken as an Englishman's judgment, though that of a very acute Englishman.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought:
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain, —
A new creation rescued from his reign.

273. The origin of tawdry, which the dictionary will give, is most curious.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But, view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys.
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old —
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,

306. Referring possibly to the custom which permitted parents to sell their children's labor for a term of years.

309. In the *Citizen of the World*, exactly the same words recur: "A nation once famous for setting the world an example of freedom is now become a land of tyrants and a den of slaves."

318. So in the *Citizen of the World*, in praise of Britain: "Yet from the vernal softness of the air, the verdure of the fields, the transparency of the streams, and the beauty of the women:

And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd:
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control;
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy;
But, foster'd even by freedom, ills annoy.
That independence Britons prize too high
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown.
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;

here love might sport among painted lawns and warbling groves, and carol upon gales wafting at once both fragrance and harmony."

330. Mr. Rolfe felicitously calls attention to a line in Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*: —

"Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest nature's rule."

Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore;
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonor'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone

345. "It is extremely difficult to induce a number of free beings to co-operate for their mutual benefits: every possible advantage will necessarily be sought, and every attempt to procure it must be attended with a new fermentation." — *Citizen of the World.*

357. Stems, i. e., families.

362. In the Preface to his *History of England*, Goldsmith again says: "In the things I have hitherto written, I have neither allured the vanity of the great by flattery, nor satisfied the malignity of the vulgar by scandal; but have endeavoured to get an honest reputation by liberal pursuits."

By proud contempt, or favor's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil:
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh, then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;

382. "It is not yet decided in politics, whether the diminution of kingly power in England tends to increase the happiness or freedom of the people. For my own part, from seeing the bad effects of the tyranny of the great in those republican states that pretend to be free, I cannot help wishing that our monarchs may still be allowed to enjoy the power of controlling the encroachments of the great at home." — Preface to *History of England.*

"It is the interest of the great to diminish kingly power as much as possible." — *Vicar of Wakefield.*

386. "What they may then expect may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws *govern the poor, and the rich govern the law.*" — *Vicar of Wakefield,* ch. xix.

Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, Brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power,
And thus polluting honor in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste,
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, long frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

396. Gave [to] wealth. Here, in grammatical phrase, "wealth" is the indirect, and "to sway," etc., the direct object.

397. The thought in the passage which follows is repeated in *The Deserted Village*.

411. "Oh! let me fly a land that spurns the brave,
Oswego's dreary shores shall be my grave."
Threnodia Augustalis, GOLDSMITH.

412. This pronunciation is still common in England and commends itself as more rotund and sonorous than our sharper Niăg'ara.

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways,
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,

420. One of Dr. Johnson's lines.

427. "Every mind seems capable of entertaining a certain quantity of happiness, which no constitutions can increase, no circumstances alter, and entirely independent on fortune." — *Citizen of the World.*

436. George and Luke Dosa were two brothers who headed an unsuccessful revolt against the Hungarian nobles at the opening of the sixteenth century; and George (not Luke) underwent the torture of the red-hot iron-crown, as a punishment for allowing

To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

himself to be proclaimed king of Hungary, 1513, by the rebellious peasants. — See *Biographie Universelle*, xi. 604. The two brothers belonged to one of the native races of Transylvania, called Szecklers or Zecklers. — FORSTER'S *Goldsmith*, i. 395, (ed. 1854.) — CUNNINGHAM.

Robert François Damiens was put to death with revolting barbarity, in the year 1757, for an attempt to assassinate Louis XV. — CUNNINGHAM.

438. Dr. Johnson wrote the last ten lines, save lines 433, 436

EDWIN AND ANGELINA:

A BALLAD.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

One of Goldsmith's friends was Thomas Percy, editor and sometime author of a famous book, "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." The book is notable as marking a revival in taste, for Bishop Percy pointed out the charm and rude beauty which lay in native, spontaneous poetry, despised by English readers as having nothing in common with what was called eloquent literature. But Bishop Percy did not always print the old ballads just as he heard them; he could not quite trust them to people, and therefore touched them up now and then, or wrote parts to fill out, and sometimes tried his hand at a new one in imitation of the old. Goldsmith and he had many talks on ballads, and as a consequence Goldsmith wrote and read to him the ballad here printed. It fell into the hands of the Countess of Northumberland whose husband was Percy's patron, and in 1764, shortly after it was written, it was privately printed, "for the amusement" as the title-page reads, "of the Countess of Northumberland." Two years later Goldsmith introduced it into the "Vicar of Wakefield" under the title, "The Hermit." Mr. Forster, who examined the rare leaflet containing the poem as first printed, remarks: "It has a value independent of its rarity, in

its illustration of Goldsmith's habit of elaboration and painstaking in the correction of his verse. By comparing it with what was afterwards published, we perceive that even the gentle opening line has been an afterthought; that four stanzas have been rewritten; and that the two which originally stood last have been removed altogether. These, for their simple beauty of expression, it is worth while here to preserve. The action of the poem having closed without them, they were on better consideration rejected; and young writers should meditate such lessons. Posterity has always too much upon its hands to attend to what is irrelevant or needless; and none so well as Goldsmith seems to have known that the writer who would hope to live must live by the perfection of his style, and by the cherished and careful beauty of unsuperfluous writing.

"Here amidst sylvan bowers we 'll rove,
From lawn to woodland stray;
Blest as the songsters of the grove
And innocent as they.

"To all that want, and all that wail,
Our pity shall be given;
And when this life of love shall fail,
'We 'll love again in heaven.'"

A writer in the newspapers charged Goldsmith with having copied his ballad from one of Percy's, and the poet, in a letter to the printer of the "St. James's Gazette," answered the charge as follows:

"Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad, I published some time ago, from one [1] by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think

[1] *The Friar of Orders Gray.*

there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago ; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me with his usual good humor, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakespeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little Cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarcely worth printing ; and, were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature."

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

"Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;

11. The taper which the stranger saw was a will o' the wisp.

Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them;

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighboring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care:
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire,
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

51. "The running brook, the herbs of the field, can amply satisfy nature; man wants but little, nor that little long."—*The Citizen of the World*, GOLDSMITH.

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly prest and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answering care opprest:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay:
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

'And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said;
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His lovelorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colors o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried;
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he,
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
He had but only me.

80. That is, the turtle-dove's.

"To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove:
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"And when beside me in the dale
He caroll'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could not of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain:

113. We still speak of a riding-habit.

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'T was so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the Hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,—
'T was Edwin's self that prest.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life — my all that 's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part,
We 'll live and love so true:
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

RETALIATION.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

After Goldsmith's death the lines entitled "Retaliation" were published. They were incomplete, and they appear to have been written at different times. Indeed it was averred that the poem as originally designed by the poet came greatly to exceed his original intention. But against what was the poem in retaliation? It will be remembered that his associates never could quite reconcile Goldsmith's writings, especially his great poems, with his awkward, blundering ways. They seem to have been tempted to measure the poet by the man, instead of the man by the poet. At any rate they could not resist trying their wit on him, and Garrick, the great actor, in particular, was persistent in his rather ill-mannered treatment of Goldsmith, and here is an account in Garrick's handwriting of the origin of the poem: —

"As the cause of writing the following printed poem called Retaliation, has not yet been fully explained, a person concerned in the business begs leave to give the following just and minute account of the whole affair.

"At a meeting[1] of a company of gentlemen, who were well known to each other, and diverting themselves, among many other things, with the peculiar oddities of Dr. Goldsmith, who never would allow a

[1] At the St. James's Coffee-House in St. James's Street.

superior in any art, from writing poetry down to dancing a hornpipe, the Doctor with great eagerness insisted upon trying his epigrammatic powers with Mr. Garrick, and each of them was to write the other's epitaph. Mr. Garrick immediately said that his epitaph was finished, and spoke the following distich extempore: —

> Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness call'd Noll,
> Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll.

Goldsmith, upon the company's laughing very heartily, grew very thoughtful, and either would not, or could not, write any thing at that time; however, he went to work, and some weeks after produced the following printed poem called Retaliation, which has been much admired, and gone through several editions. The publick in general have been mistaken in imagining that this poem was written in anger by the Doctor; it was just the contrary."

Whoever reads the poem will see that if Goldsmith set out to pay up old scores he ended by drawing portraits which were full of fine characterization and noble lines. It belongs thus in the class which includes Leigh Hunt's "Feast of the Poets" and Lowell's "A Fable for Critics."

RETALIATION.

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:
Our dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains;
Our Will shall be wildfowl, of excellent flavor,
And Dick with his pepper shall heighten the savor:
Our Cumberland's sweetbread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain;
Our Garrick 's a salad; for in him we see

1. A French comic writer, who died a century or more before this poem was written.

3. The master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where Goldsmith, and the friends he has characterized in this poem occasionally dined.

5. Thomas Barnard, Dean of Derry, in Ireland.

6. Edmund Burke.

7. William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin, a kinsman of Edmund.

8. Richard Burke, a younger brother of Edmund.

9. Richard Cumberland, an unimportant man of letters.

10. John Douglas, canon of Windsor, afterward Bishop of Carlisle, and later still of Salisbury.

Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am
That Ridge is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb;
That Hickey 's a capon, and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who 'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine! let me sit while I 'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean, reunited to earth,
Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least in six weeks I could not find 'em out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That slyboots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;

14. John Ridge, a member of the Irish Bar.

15. Thomas Hickey, an eminent attorney, whose hospitality and good humor acquired him in his club the title of "honest Tom Hickey."

23. Vide page 74.

34. Thomas Townshend, a member of Parliament.

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining:
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
In short, 't was his fate, unemploy'd or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in 't;
The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong.
Still aiming at honor, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home:
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at;
Alas that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim,
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb;
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;

54. As Richard Burke broke a leg not long before, this was no joke to him.

But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines:
When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture;

86. Our forefathers had no difficulty in making this line rhyme with the previous. The Rev. Dr. William Dodd was a fashion-

Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colors he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'T was only that when he was off, he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick.
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack;
For he knew, when he pleas'd, he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;

able preacher, but turned out to be a scamp. William Kenrick was a bitter critic of Goldsmith, and a lecturer on Shakespeare.

87. James Macpherson, who persuaded a good many otherwise acute men that the poems he wrote were the work of an ancient bard named Ossian.

89. Inferior writers whose errors Dr. Douglas had exposed.

Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-Roscius'd and you were beprais'd!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies.
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature;
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper,
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser:
I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser.
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? Ah, no!
Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and burn ye:
He was — could he help it? — a special attorney.

115. Dramatists and dramatic critics.

124. Beaumont and Ben Jonson stood just below Shakespeare. Kelly would scarcely be admitted to their company.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland:
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill, he was still hard of hearing:
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff
By flattery unspoil'd ———

POSTSCRIPT.

Here Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a grave man:
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun!
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
A stranger to flattery, a stranger to fear;
Who scatter'd around wit and humor at will;
Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill:
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free,
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

146. Sir Joshua was excessively deaf and obliged to use an ear trumpet.

147. Here Goldsmith in his last sickness laid down his pen.

148. The lines that follow were found later and not printed until after the fourth edition of the poem had been published. They appear to have been a draft intended to be worked in at some point, no one can say where. Whitefoord was a wine merchant and dabster in letters.

What pity, alas! that so liberal a mind
Should so long be to newspaper essays confin'd!
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet content "if the table he set in a roar;"
Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall confess'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper witlings! ye pert scribbling folks!
Who copied his squibs, and re-echoed his jokes;
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
Cross readings, *ship news*, and *mistakes of the press*.

Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humor, I had almost said wit;
This debt to thy memory I cannot refuse,
"Thou best humor'd man with the worst humor'd muse."

163. H. S. Woodfall was editor of the *Public Advertiser*.

171. Whitefoord had frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the *Public Advertiser*.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

This poem was printed first in "The Vicar of Wakefield."

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes:
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

5 The name of this place, the residence of the famous Tom, is pronounced Iz'lington.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering people ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite;
The dog it was that died.

AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word —
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind:
She freely lent to all the poor —
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways —
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew —
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her —
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;

The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore;
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

John Trott was desir'd by two witty peers
To tell them the reason why asses had ears.
"An 't please you," quoth John, "I 'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters:
Howe'er, from this time I shall ne'er see your graces, —
As I hope to be sav'd! — without thinking on asses."

STANZAS ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

Amidst the clamor of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasures start.

O Wolfe! to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive the foe thy dreadful vigor fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead!
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

A DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

This is interesting as the first form of some verses which later were introduced with changes into *The Deserted Village*.

WHERE the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champagne,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane;
There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug.
A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly show'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The royal game of goose was there in view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And brave prince William show'd his lampblack face.
The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney board;
A nightcap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night, — a stocking all the day!

14. William, Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, 1765.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM GOLDSMITH.

It is doubtful if any English poet, save Gray, has been quoted so abundantly in proportion to the amount he has written, as Goldsmith. Almost every stanza of Gray's "Elegy" is a familiar quotation, and the two poems "The Deserted Village" and "The Traveller" surely stand next in familiarity. In order to show this emphatically, permission has been obtained from Mr. John Bartlett, compiler of that most satisfactory work "Familiar Quotations: a Collection of Passages, Phrases and Proverbs traced to their Sources in Ancient and Modern Literature," to reprint here the pages of his book covering the poems contained in this number of the "Riverside Literature Series."

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

1 Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.

13 The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!

29 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love.

51 Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade:
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease!

While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side.

And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.

Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.

189 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

199 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'T was certain he could write, and cipher too.

211 In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

223 Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.

227 The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.

232 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose.

253 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

263 And even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, ask if this be joy.

329 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

343 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.

383 In all the silent manliness of grief.

385 O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree!

413 Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so.

THE TRAVELLER.

1 REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow, —
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po.

7 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

22 And learn the luxury of doing good.

26 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view.

42 These little things are great to little man.

50 Creation's heir, the world — the world is mine!

73 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam;
His first, best country ever is at home.

91 Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.

126 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.

137 The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.

153 By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child.

172 But winter lingering chills the lap of May.

185 Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes.

207 So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

251 Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

265 They please, are pleas'd; they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

282 Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land.

327 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by.

356 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms.

371 For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil.

386 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.

409 Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound.

423 Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.

438 Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel.

RETALIATION.

11 Our Garrick 's a salad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree!

24 Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt.

31 Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining:
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit.

46 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong.

63 A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

93 Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.

96 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.

101 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'T was only that when he was off he was acting.

107 He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack;
For he knew, when he pleas'd, he could whistle them back.

112 Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.

145 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

POSTSCRIPT.

175 "Thou best humor'd man, with the worst humor'd Muse."

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes:
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

The man recover'd of the bite;
The dog it was that died.

AN ELEGY ON MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word —
From those who spoke her praise.

The king himself has follow'd her —
When she has walk'd before.

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A nightcap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night, — a stocking all the day!

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